SAN FRANCISCO: DEATH RATTLE OF THE U. N. HATERS BY GENE MARINE

THE Nation

May 14, 1955
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An On-the-Spot Report

The China We Face

by Kingsley Martin

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Letters

More on New York City

Dear Sirs: I was surprised to read the article in your issue of March 12 by Paul Ross, whose experience and knowledge of city affairs should have prevented him from presenting such a distorted picture.

New York City is not helpless. The problem that quite correctly distresses Mr. Ross most is the housing problem. It has been handled appallingly in this city. But the responsibility is local. Without recourse to the state we ourselves could have prevented the present intolerable conditions and long since could have devised cures.

Of course the dwellings law and also the tenement house law of 1901 were sustained by the courts as within the power of the state. However, the city has full power to enact supplementary local legislation more restrictive than the state laws and giving better protection to tenants. The city recently has actually presented such legislation, drafted by the office of the City Administrator, but the bills have lingered in the City Council for months.

The merger of the Tenement House Department with the Buildings Department when the new city charter was adopted was a grave mistake. This mistake could be rectified by the present administration overnight if it chose to do so. We have established a Department of Air Pollution Control, a Department of Traffic; we have just created a Department of Commerce with the power, at heavy expense, to entertain visiting firemen; but we have no independent department to supervise and control proper maintenance of housing, proper protection of tenants. The present courageous and intelligent Deputy Commissioner cannot begin to cope with the problems that she recognizes and faces without the power of a Commissioner heading an independent department. All of this requires no state intervention or help.

Mr. Ross complains of the failure of the city magistrates properly to enforce existing law. The magistrates are appointed by the Mayor. They are responsible to the local community. The state government has no control over them whatsoever. To appoint more independent and courageous magistrates is within the power of the Mayor, not of the Governor or the state Legislature. To stimulate them to more effective enforcement of housing laws is a matter for local handling, not for Albany.

The overcrowded conditions that we face today in New York City are appalling. They are due in large part to the program of housing construction, which of recent years has been dislocating twice as many families as are provided for in the new structures, and this at a time when there are substantially no vacant apartments. This is the responsibility of the local Planning Commission, the City Housing Authority, the city Construction Coordinator, and the Board of Estimate. We must provide for those displaced from their existing homes before we displace more and more helpless tenants. There is available vacant land in Queens, but that borough's resistance to new public housing has been generally acquiesced in by the city administration, and the planning of the new housing on vacant land has been curtailed. This too is a problem of local administration, not one that concerns either the Governor or the Legislature.

It is time that New York City faced its own problems and exercised its own powers. We have the power here and should use it. We should not constantly pass the buck to Albany.

STANLEY M. ISAACS
Office of the Minority Leader
Council of the City of New York

Mr. Ross's Reply

Dear Sirs: Councilman Isaacs has mistaken the import of my piece. I did not intend to exculpate the present city administration or its numerous predecessors from their due portion of the blame for the present housing situation in New York City. Mr. Isaacs is quite correct in stating that under the law the city could, with some exceptions, make and enforce more restrictive regulations.

I was directing attention to the fact that in reality home rule for the city of New York is more "shadow" than "substance" because of the constitutional setup which makes the city beholden at all times to the Republican state machine. I used housing as an example of the extent to which home rule has not been too meaningful since the Republican Legislature has preempted the field. Especially in the field of new housing the city is virtually dependent upon what the Republican Legislature is willing to grant. The Governor's message announcing his eight-point housing program, to provide 170,000 new housing units in the state each year for the next ten years, indicates that this program is essentially all that could be obtained from the Republican Legislature. In the main it provides for private housing construction with substantial municipal and state subsidies—which is the Republican program for reducing the amount of public low-cost housing. Perhaps it is the best the Governor could do under existing circumstances, but it does not detract from the essential point I tried to make. That is, basically, that the city of New York does not have the necessary constitutional autonomy to solve its own problems without recourse to the Republican Legislature or the Republican state machine.

New York PAUL A. ROSS

Book on Kenya

Dear Sirs: May I call the attention of Nation readers to a booklet entitled "The People of Kenya Speak for Themselves"? Its author, Mbiyu Koinange, has been in England for the past two or three years representing the outlawed Kenya African Union and vainly, as it appears, seeking to call the attention of the United Nations and United Kingdom to facts that are grave for Africans and also for the so-called white world. The booklet, which is not a commercial publication, is issued by the Kenya Publication Fund, Room 500, 600 Woodward Avenue, Detroit 26, and costs 25 cents. The essential truthfulness and perspective of this document will be evident to all readers.

New York JOHN COLLIER

Singapore Experiment

Dear Sirs: The experiment in political democracy in Singapore, a British colony with a cosmopolitan population of millions of Malayans, Indians, and Chinese, represents a reorientation of British Far Eastern policy. In the recent election 53 per cent of the voters went to the polls—163,395 persons; even more surprising is the fact that the majority were women.

The West is now watching with interest the Singapore experiment, which might suggest an effective way to win the ideological war in Asia. Millions of overseas Chinese are living under the British flag, and most of them, except for those enfranchised in Singapore, do not enjoy the political rights of full citizenship. If the Singapore formula could be extended to Hongkong in the near future, another two million overseas Chinese would become first-class citizens who from self-interest would stand ready to defend the colony against any threat from Peking.

San Francisco JUN-KE CHOY

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American Dilemma in South Vietnam

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER in April of last year graphically likened Indo-China to one of a row of dominoes, and said that if it went down, all the other states of Asia would fall. Communist control of North Vietnam was formalized at Geneva, three months later, and the United States rushed to bolster South Vietnam. Now South Vietnam is visibly shaking.

It would take much space to straighten out the tangled web, but the essential elements in the situation are plain to see. The United States is deeply involved in the politics of independent Vietnam. Ngo Dinh Diem, the Catholic whom Chief of State Bao Dai made Premier in June, 1954, is effectively our man. After the Geneva agreements of July, 1954, for an Indo-China truce, his basic task was unquestionably to unify South Vietnam for the trial of July, 1956, when general elections are to be held in all Vietnam to determine its "national will," that is, whether it is to be democratic—or Communist.

Ngo Dinh Diem's particular problems were to organize an effective administration, provide for the 750,000 refugees from the North, get control over the various armed forces in South Vietnam, and evolve policies near enough to the desires of the potential electorate to win a majority in that decisive voting two years later. Ho's Communists, consolidated and tempered by years of guerrilla warfare against the Japanese and the subsequent civil war with the French, were at least a decade ahead of the South Vietnam regime in terms of organization—quite apart from the discipline that characterizes all Communist groups. They promised to be tough opponents, even at the polls.

In actuality, the first tug of war has occurred in Saigon itself. The smoldering issue of power was brought into the open by the demand of the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao religious sects and the tough Binh Xuyen faction that they be represented in the government. The Saigon fighting was the result. The Premier's forces emerged victorious from that first armed clash; the leadership of the two religious sects appears to be split; and two groups of political leaders met in Saigon on May 5 in nominal support of Ngo Dinh Diem, one demanding that Bao Dai be deposed and a republic proclaimed, the other advocating that Bao Dai transfer all power to the Premier as an interim measure. In the radical atmosphere of the day, an American suggestion that South Vietnam needed a constitutional monarchy got short shrift.

The composition of the Saigon meeting was mixed, but army and strongly nationalistic elements were present, particularly in the stronger "National Revolutionary Committee." The position of the majority of the rank-and-file of the sects is still unclear. But it is hardly likely that the defeat of the Premier's opponents will induce all of them into supporting the totality of his new policies—when determined. The Binh Xuyen remains disaffected. And Bao Dai, under attack, still commands the loyalty of important Vietnamese leaders: severance of Ngo Dinh Diem from that source of legitimacy at this juncture can only weaken his regime. Military victories today or tomorrow may temporarily steady the situation, but it has become inherently unstable, "fluid."

Vietnam, it may be noted, does not have a natural heritage of democracy. It lacks both the traditions of Western representative government and the requisite pool of skilled administrators. And Ngo Dinh Diem has aggravated a natural poverty of personnel by a refusal to employ in his Cabinet even such experienced men as are available and by his unwillingness to delegate authority. The two congresses meeting in Saigon themselves plainly desire a government with a broader base. Ngo Dinh Diem's family rule is threatened.

THE French still retain about 90,000 troops in South Vietnam. In theory—especially, *American* theory—the French might deploy those forces to support the Saigon regime against rebellion. But Article 12 of the Geneva accords binds France, *inter alia*, "to refrain from any interference" in the internal affairs of Vietnam, and certain practical considerations reinforce that legal restriction. Since American aid began to be channeled to Ngo Dinh Diem directly instead of through the French, a steady attrition of French economic interests in South Vietnam has been in process. The French are hardly likely to exercise proscribed military power to help an inimical Saigon regime safeguard political and economic interests now slipping into American hands.

The United States contributed hundreds of millions of dollars to the efforts to defeat Ho Chi-minh by the Navarre Plan of 1953, but Ho was victorious. It is now preparing to invest new hundreds of millions in the Ngo Dinh Diem regime. But Canadian Foreign Minister Lester Pearson warned as late as April 14 against "any false idea that we can or should purchase allies"

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in Asia. And it is necessary to heed the March report of a French National Assembly subcommittee that Ngo Dinh Diem has been unable to bring about "that unity without which it is vain to hope that the South will be able to resist the pressure of the North, or even to obtain, in the elections of 1956, an honorable result." In 1956 the United States should not be found alone in South Vietnam.

France and Britain are concerned here; so are our ANZUS allies. The SEATO pact would appear to be applicable. French Foreign Minister Pinay has twice said that three-power discussions on Indo-China are planned, and at this writing it appears that they may take place during the Paris meeting of the American, British, and French Foreign Ministers on May 8. At that meeting and in any consultations with the SEATO powers as a group, the United States will be at some disadvantage in defending its present Asian policies. Both Paris and London are ready to try to "coexist" with communism in Asia, and the anti-colonial spirit of the Bandung conference affected even so stalwart a champion of the United States as Carlos Romulo of the Philippines. But we want collective action, we have our coalitions, and the first tactic of any coalition is perforce consultation. Now is the time—and not some critical last hour in 1956—to consult with our allies, and with our Asian friends, on the subject of Franco-American policy toward South Vietnam.

Sovereign Germany

ONE WONDERS how the West Germans of the future will celebrate May 5, 1955. Will they learn to look upon it as a day of liberation? Or will they, holding to last week's dour mien, mark it as the day they lost the Saar and 18,000,000 of their kinsmen? Certainly no people ever regained sovereignty and an army with less enthusiasm than those of the Bonn republic. On the Left, the Social Democrats scorned the end of the occupation as postponing the day of unification; on the Right, the unregenerate nationalists and neo-Nazis were beginning to mutter about the *Diktat* of Paris.

The apathy of the West Germans was matched elsewhere in the West. The fact that there is again a German nation a short ten years, minus exactly three days, after the collapse of Hitler's "1,000-year-Reich" moved the editors of serious newspapers to headline the news. But who read it with more than passing interest? Nevertheless, we are on the threshold of a new era. Reverberations of May 5, which has put West Germany on the path to military domination of Europe, are still to come from the other side of the curtain and from the German people themselves. It was coincidence that the German Federal Republic should have gained sovereignty on the same day that another powerful nuclear bomb was set off on Yucca flat. It remains to be seen which event, in the end, will prove the more explosive.

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THE CHINA WE FACE

An On-the-Spot Report . . *by Kingsley Martin*

[*Kingsley Martin, editor of the London* New Statesman and Nation, *has just returned to England after a visit to Communist China and other countries in the Far East. This is the first of several articles reporting his experiences.*]

IN CHINA I discussed Formosa and the offshore islands at great length, both with men of letters and with top-ranking officials. I said something like this: "I have from the beginning held that Formosa was Chinese, that it was intolerable that it should remain in the hands of Chiang Kai-shek and be used as a basis of operations against China. I fully understand your determination to incorporate Formosa into China as it was before 1895 but I am alarmed at the uncompromising nature of your propaganda. Just as it is a fact that you feel that you must regain Formosa, so, realistically, it is also a fact that, even if the Americans wanted to shed their Formosa commitment, it would not be technically possible for them immediately to rid themselves of Chiang with his 300,000 men. Why not consider some gradual method of asserting your rights, carrying with you your many friends in Asia and beyond, and offering less good propaganda weapons to the China Lobby than your present reiterated declarations, which certainly sound warlike?"

The reply was unanimous and invariable. The Americans, they said, are out to reconquer China and reestablish world capitalist domination. "Any concession, any compromise with imperialism such as you suggest would be fatal. You must stop aggression where it begins. Formosa is Chinese. The least compromise would be a Munich."

A month after these conversations in Peking, Chou En-lai told the Bandung conference that he was ready to talk directly with America about the Formosa situation. He added what no one should have doubted—that this offer "would not, in the slightest degree, affect the sovereign rights of the Chinese people to liberate Formosa." How far does this declaration lessen the danger of that terrible "moment of truth" when great powers confront each other, as at Munich, each deeply committed to incompatible propositions?

It is as yet too early to say. Clearly Chou En-lai's gesture has brought to his side non-committed countries which have always thought it absurd to risk a war to bolster up Chiang Kai-shek and to give America an additional base in the Pacific.

Certainly in Asia, Chou En-lai has achieved a great success. Even a statesman as bitterly anti-Communist as Sir John Kotelawala has rebuked the State Department for its initial hasty and negative reply to the Chinese offer, while Chou's further gesture in signing a treaty with the Indonesian Foreign Minister about the status of overseas Chinese in Indonesia has done much to reassure not only Jakarta but also the other Southeast Asian capitals which have feared that the Chinese might act as fifth columnists.

IN PEKING I did my best to discover whether there was any basis for the Hongkong-American view of divisions, discontent, and instability in China. For this my best sources of information were necessarily Europeans who had lived in China during the last decade. I talked, for instance, with a European expert who as a Roman Catholic and conservative cherished a particularly strong animosity against the new order in China. I asked him how many people had really been "liquidated" in the great counter-revolutionary purge of 1951. ("Liquidated" meaning killed was a mistranslation of a speech by a Chinese general who boasted that two million enemies had been "rendered harmless.") We did the sum as best we could, adding up the hundreds of publicly announced executions in towns and village groups all over China. These included gangsters, landlords, moneylenders, and ex-Kuomintang soldiers in southern China who had refused to surrender their arms and were believed to be a fifth column waiting to help Chiang Kai-shek when he attempted his much-advertised reconquest of China. It certainly came to hundreds of thousands—perhaps a million or a million and a half. "But," said my informant, "if it came to two millions it would not alter the fact that fewer people have died violent deaths in China in the last five years than in any other five years in the last century."

It seemed at first a surprising statement; it may have overlooked some odd periods of five years such as those that immediately preceded the Boxer riots at the end of the century. But if you read the story of the Taiping rebellion and the great Moslem revolt that followed it, you are likely to decide that the generalization was broadly correct. In the Yunnan rising, for instance, the population of that single province was reduced from sixteen to six million. By comparison with the past the present Chinese regime has been economical in the matter of killing.

We must pursue the point rather further if we wish to understand why, as an old China expert put it, the peculiar appeal of the present China is its "extraordinary stability." A middle-aged Chinese who allows his mind to run over events in which he has willy-nilly taken part in the last forty years recalls the republican revolution of 1911 with its accompanying explosion of national sentiment; the Three Principles of Sun Yat-sen; Japan's Twenty-one Demands; the ravages of rival war lords and the long agony of the civil war between Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists, which never ceased, in spite of the simultaneous twenty-five-year war with Japan, until 1949,

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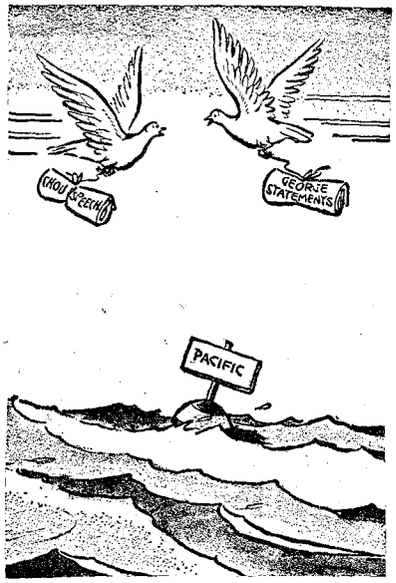
when Chiang and the rump of his government took refuge in Formosa. He recalls, most vividly of all, the chaos, murder, and corruption of the last days of the Kuomintang in Chungking and the American attempt, after the Japanese were thrown out, to give the victory to the completely discredited Generalissimo.

AT the end of a generation of civil and international war it required no great effort of propaganda for Mao Tse-tung's government to persuade the mass of the Chinese people that their revolution was not complete as long as Chiang Kai-shek and the rump of the Kuomintang remained on Formosa, equipped and protected by the American invaders, blockading the southern coast, and bombing or seizing ships that would supply trade with Canton or Shanghai.

That this is a biased and simplified version of the events of forty years in China, I am well aware. I know, too, that Chinese propaganda often rewrites history as unscrupulously as Soviet propaganda has done. But it is important for the West to understand how the story must appear to almost everyone in China. Whatever educated Chinese may think about their Russian allies, and whatever inherent rivalries there may be between Peking and Moscow, it is likely that in the mind of any Chinese you may meet—whether a peasant tilling a tiny paddy field or a blue-uniformed official in Peking—the Soviet Union will appear as a strong friend in a hostile world, and that as long as the Americans support Chiang Kai-shek, the Communist bloc from Moscow to Peking, Shanghai, and Canton, will remain solid and menacing. One meets today in China no display of Russian arrogance, but groups of stolid Soviet technicians, starting out with their briefcases for discussions in Chinese administrative offices. All the Chinese are told that about 160 of the most ambitious and advanced projects in the vast plan of Chinese industrialization—500 projects are listed in all—are directed by Soviet technicians and equipped with Soviet machinery which the Chinese cannot, as yet, themselves supply. The Russians are regarded as friends and allies; the Americans as enemies and aggressors; the British seem to them



Herblock in the Washington Post

"What do you hear?"

half-hearted stooges of the United States; the Indians and other people of Southeast Asia are potential allies but until they have thrown off Western capitalist influence only too capable of being used as bases for Western aggression.

That this is the picture that most Chinese see is, I think, not open to doubt. I recall mentioning the issue of foreign policy to a liberal Chinese who was discussing whether or not it was right to call Mao's government a People's Democracy. What, for instance, I said, would you do to express your dissatisfaction if Chou En-lai should involve you in another war of which you did not approve? He brushed this aside as too bizarre a hypothesis even to merit discussion. He was willing to consider the danger of ideological uniformity; he saw the point when I questioned him about uninformed and conditioned minds; but he could not even imagine any national divisions arising over Formosa and the American imperialist threat. Even those who have a long anti-Communist record have been united by Mr. Dulles in support of Chou En-lai. The Chinese feel that a great, an almost despaired of, aspiration has been suddenly accomplished. The invading foreigners, British, Japanese, and Americans alike, have been thrown out; communism has inherited the long-frustrated nationalism of China.

With this nationalist victory behind it the Peking government would have had to make more and worse mistakes than it has made to forfeit popular support. So far it has not done anything to endanger stability, in spite of the counter-revolutionary urge, the brain-washing of intellectuals, and the now perhaps too rapidly accelerating drive toward collective agriculture. The future of the revolution depends on Peking's failure or success in handling the peasants and its ability to resolve that struggle between town and country which is at the root of government difficulties in every Communist country. Recent references in the *People's China* to some instances of cattle-killing by peasants recall the worst of all Soviet errors in antagonizing the peasantry, but from Peking's point of view they are reassuring, since the instances seem to be few and local, while their publicity means that the error is admitted and being remedied. It amused me in Peking to congratulate high officials on their government's careful and gradual settlement of the land problem, which showed that it had recognized the shocking blunder of the Kremlin in handling the kulaks. The response to such a comment was always a deep and expressive silence. Every educated Chinese is aware of his superiority to the Russians; no one would dream of twiching an eyelid by way of admitting that the Soviet ally had ever committed fault.

PEKING has also avoided the other great error of alienating technicians and potentially friendly intellectuals, and it has even taken time and trouble profitably and ingeniously to squeeze out foreign businessmen instead of abruptly seizing their assets and thereby creating a rallying ground for its imperialist enemies. There have been exceptions, but on the whole the Peking government has prepared the way carefully for its changes. An austere and competent government may be oppressive to some of the community and unloved by many, but to the Chinese, after the experience of Kuomintang rule, honesty and constructive government, free from foreign influence, are "liberation" without query.

None of this, let it be understood, means that communism in China is anything but, in the full and menacing sense, triumphant Marx-Leninism. Chinese communism has the

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same philosophy as Soviet communism. The government is more broadly based than the Russian; the administration includes members of the old Democratic League and uses the services of many who have always opposed communism. This does not mean that it is tolerant; on the contrary it is as intolerant as medieval Catholicism and has equipped itself, like the papacy, with all the apparatus of the Inquisition. One may see the Big Brother of Orwell's unpleasing imagination in the offing. It is not my object to deny these facts. What I am anxious to establish is that whatever the West does in the future it should base its policy on the assumption that China is becoming not only a great power but one whose inhabitants have much to lose and will be inspired with a united hatred against any country which gives aid and comfort to Chiang Kai-shek or threatens to restore those foreign influences that are broadly lumped together as Western imperialism. Allow for all the unspoken criticism you like and it yet remains true that for the first time in history China has an organized, purposeful government, rapidly industrializing and commanding such authority as no Chinese government has ever before in history commanded.

EMILY BALCH, CRUSADER

The Long War for Peace . . *by Dan Gillmor*

SOMETIME this month various citizens of Communist China will receive a letter from "an American and what you perhaps call a capitalist." Postmarked "Wellesley, Mass.," the missive is a plea, written in blank verse, for patience, understanding, and generosity between Americans and Chinese. Its signer is Emily Greene Balch, honorary international president of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

Not even Premier Chou En-lai is likely to consider Emily Balch a capitalist. The closest she ever approached that condition was in 1946 when she shared the $35,000 Nobel peace prize with another recipient. Characteristically, Miss Balch invested her gains by giving the money to the League. This April the League celebrated its fortieth anniversary as the world's foremost non-Communist peace organization. On April 28, 1915, women whose countries' armies were slaughtering each other on the battlefield gathered peaceably together at The Hague under the leadership of two women from neutral America—Jane Addams and Emily Balch. The conferees decided to carry on their work by creating an international organization with Miss Addams as president, Miss Balch as secretary. Miss Balch has been the inspiration of the League ever since. Hearing her for the first time, a youthful member of the W. I. L. exclaimed breathlessly: "Why everything she says sounds like a ringing pronouncement!"

Today Miss Balch lives in semi-retirement in Wellesley. Her fellow-members in the League feel that at the age of eighty-eight she has earned a rest; yet from her modest apartment a stream of letters pours forth to correspondents around the world. The words differ but the themes remain the same—peace, co-operation between nations, good-will among men. Rarely do women gather to discuss world problems without receiving a message from Wellesley.

"Greetings and all good wishes to everyone here," wrote Miss Balch to a New York luncheon for U. N. women delegates. "It is my conviction that war is at last on the way out, though people seem not to be ready to accept the good news and to take the next step of ceasing to prepare for war. Once freed from the costly and cumbersome burden of armament, we can make better progress toward our happy goal—a world of friendly cooperating peoples."

Members of the League in the vicinity of Wellesley quietly conspire to make life easier for Miss Balch, though they go about it cautiously. She accepts their solicitude graciously, but makes it clear that the frailty of her years does not please her. After granting an interview to the writer, she retired to rest in a spare bedroom of her friend's neat suburban home. Suddenly she paused on the stair landing and looked back at me. "I'm still hanging, the last leaf on the tree," she said. "I hope you got what you need. It was very kind of you to come."

I assured her that the discussion had been most satisfactory, but Miss Balch shook her head doubtfully: "I hope you're right, young man. I wanted to stress the League and its work. I consider it a great effort to get together above the national point of view."

Miss Balch is inseparably linked with the W. I. L. "We were there when the League of Nations arrived," she said, recalling the days when she established the W. I. L. offices in Geneva. Originally the headquarters were in a "particularly banal" office "on a noisy dusty thoroughfare." Miss Balch found a former convent "with a garden of Christmas roses and ivy" to which she promptly moved the W. I. L. "I felt as if good people had lived in that house," she said. "It was the kind of hopeful atmosphere that seemed appropriate to our work." Good and helpful women have lived and worked there ever since, amid rugs, draperies, linens, and other furnishings supplied by national sections or individual members in thirty-five countries.

Miss Balch, who thinks interna-

DAN GILLMOR is the author of "Fear, the Accuser."

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tionally without effort, declares that the peace movement is stronger today than ever before. In Denmark the W. I. L. is "on the political map," she remarked proudly. In India its president, Mme Pandit, is a former president of the U. N. General Assembly. In Japan the movement is growing with amazing vigor among the newly enfranchised women.

"After the First World War," she commented wrily, "half of the human race was at last admitted as adult. After the second, the Asians are being 'discovered' as also belonging to our species."

These and other achievements of the past forty years—radio communication, flight, atomic energy—have brought Miss Balch to the conclusion that peace is here to stay. " 'Peace' is a terribly negative word, though I say it that shouldn't," she remarked. "But I don't think either side intends to let loose atomic war. The world is at everyone's breakfast table today. Whatever happens in it we know about at once, and we know that it concerns us."

She regrets profoundly, however, that much of this concern is a product more of fear of atomic destruction than of moral revulsion from the use of such weapons. These sentiments have inspired yet another letter from Wellesley. It is addressed sent to be defended by atomic weap- to President Eisenhower and advis-s him that Miss Balch does not con- ons. "Not that I think he is waiting for my consent," she added.

Miss Balch also deplores our efforts to rearm West Germany, Japan, France, and other countries. Nevertheless, she believes that the President is a man of peace.

The Formosa crisis, she thinks, might be solved by the creation of a "neutralized" independent Formosa, because "the Formosans are now transmogrified Chinese." Further questions about the international crisis - of - the - moment Miss Balch waved aside. She wanted to speak of more fundamental ideas.

"The road to peace does not lie in world government," she said. "I mistrust governments. Government is the last stand of open coercion. What we need is more cooperation, not more coercion. Besides, it's much easier to get people to work together for something specific than to agree to a formula. A great congeries of international undertakings would be more promising than a hundred manifestoes."

Specifically, she rests her hope in greater and greater development, "under the umbrella of the U. N.," of world agriculture, of industry for backward areas, of peaceful uses of nuclear energy, of international administration of the high seas, international waterways, and the polar regions.

"And of the moon, when we reach it?" I asked.

"My internationalism stops at the stratosphere, young man. Beyond that you can say it's over my head."

And the peace movements of the world? How do they fit into her concept of "international functionalism"? She believes they should seek not only world disarmament but world development. "Coexistence is not enough," said Emily Balch, and there was a ringing tone to be heard. "We must have active cooperation for definite, constructive goals."

READERS whose memory does not reach back so far will be interested to know that Emily Balch was a member of *The Nation* staff in 1918-1919. She helped edit the International Relations Section, a fortnightly supplement which was an important feature of Oswald Garrison Villard's "new" *Nation,* and also wrote on questions relating to peace and foreign affairs.—EDITORS THE NATION.

Miss Balch's Letter to China

Dear People of China:

This is a letter of love that I am sending you.
Men and women with your patient faces,
Little children with your bright eyes,
How could I not love you?

I am an American and what you perhaps call a capitalist.
Need that be a barrier to love?
It does not hold back mine.

Of course there are many differences between us.
The traditions of our countries are different.
There are differences even in our features,
And in our languages and religions.
But how much more we are alike!
Alike we are born to suffer.
We laugh and we cry as only men can do.

Shall fellow-men be divided by ideologies?
No. No. They shall not be so.
Of course, "coexistence" has great difficulties.
Even men who have a common country,
Who speak the same language, profess the same religion—
Even such do not find mutual understanding, mutual trust too easy.
Yet the greatest barriers are not insuperable.
Let us strive to learn to live together.

You may know bad Americans. There are such.
But there are also here friendly, right-meaning people
Who want to help make the world better for everyone.
There are bad people and good people, I suppose,
In every country.

Let us be patient with one another,
And even patient with ourselves.
We have a long, long way to go.
So let us hasten along the road,
The road of human tenderness and generosity.
Groping, we may find one another's hands in the dark.

EMILY BALCH

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THE U. N. HATERS

Death Rattle in San Francisco . . . *by Gene Marine*

San Francisco

IN THE last week of April a little band of determined patriots met in the Veterans' Memorial Building in San Francisco to consider how the United States could be saved from the United Nations. They were attending the fifth annual convention of the Congress of Freedom, which according to its own publicity is "a coalition of patriotic American organizations concerned with increasing tendencies toward internationalism through the United Nations."

On April 25, 1945, the United Nations Charter was signed in the auditorium of the same Veterans' Memorial Building; this accounted for the date and place of the meeting.

Before the convention opened, a press conference was held by the executive director of the Congress, one Robert LeFevre—alert readers may recognize the name as that of the patriot who not long ago spotted un-American tendencies in the Girl Scout Handbook. LeFevre has filed a suit for $500,000 against the Retail Credit Company for issuing a "false and malicious" report on him, and because of the issues involved in this suit he declined to tell reporters whether he was the same LeFevre who was once associated with a move to turn Rudolph Valentino's Beverly Hills home into a "shrine for the lovelorn," or the one who was indicted for mail fraud in 1940 in connection with the religious-patriotic "I Am" cult. Such questions were referred to his attorney, Aaron Sargent, the Reece committee's chief "expert" on the machinations of tax-free foundations, who didn't answer them either.

LeFevre said the Congress was made up of about five hundred rightist organizations. Pressed, he reduced it to five hundred individuals who also belong to other organizations but may or may not be their official representatives. Prodded further, he conceded that if local chapters were not counted, there might be only a hundred or so organizations. Among those officially affiliated he listed Pro America, the Legislative Research Committee (of Detroit), and something called Liberty and Property, Inc., of San Francisco—a name not found in the telephone directory.

Liberty and Property, however, is known to have an executive director, Willis Carto, for he was in charge of the advance arrangements for this convention. He told me that the budget for the week-long affair was $25,000 ("but we'll hold it even if we can raise only $20,000"); that 1,000 people would attend (there were about half that many at the best-attended session, to which the public was admitted free and at which Westbrook Pegler was the featured speaker); and that they would come from all over the country (excluding officers and speakers, about 90 per cent of the badges had California address, most of them from the immediately surrounding area).

At first LeFevre went through the motions of treating the Congress as as impartial study group, but he dropped the mask within twenty-four hours. "The single objective of our gathering," he said bluntly at the Monday-night session, "is to take on the U. N., with no holds barred." And take it on they did. In the lobby pins could be had for the asking reading "Let's Get Out of U. N."; a grim-faced lady also passed out red-white-and-blue buttons reading "I'm for McCarthy." Included in the literature displayed, some free but more for sale, were copies of a special issue of the *Freeman* headed One Worldism and the United Nations, pamphlets by the speakers, a few books—a Mary J. Allen was on hand to autograph copies of her "Education or Indoctrination?"—and the sheet music to a song by Elizabeth Sheldon Walter bearing the original title Battle Hymn of Freedom and containing the uplifting stanza: "Defend our Constitution from traitors and knaves / With treaties and laws they plan to make us slaves."

Inside, an enraptured audience, 85 per cent women, listened not only to Mr. Pegler—"that lonesome warrior in the field of journalism"—but to Freda Utley, well-known propagandist against communism, ex-actress Corinne Griffith, Mrs. Suzanne Stevenson of the Minute Women, Professor A. T. Bouscaren of Marquette University, and seventeen other speakers, all described as authorities on one thing or another. Joseph Zack Kornfeder, who looks like an even shorter Victor Moore and speaks with a thick Russian accent, was an authority on Communist Party organization and activity, though he quit the party in 1934. Alice Widener was an authority on the Voice of America, having worked for it for five months in 1951 before being fired.

THE Reverend Claude Bunzel was apparently an authority on the attitude of Jesus Christ toward the United Nations; his address was devoted to the thesis that in Chapter XIII of Revelations the Apostle John prophesied the awful fate that awaits the world unless the U. N. is repudiated—a thesis from which he occasionally departed for pot shots at Bishop Oxnam ("Joseph Stalin and G. Bromley Oxnam are in favor of an international police force"), the Union Theological Seminary, Franklin D. Roosevelt, the National Council of Churches, and Harry Truman. The proceedings culminated in an "Americanism banquet" on Saturday night at which that old pro, Merwin K. Hart, who has written frequently for the virulently anti-Semitic hate sheet, *Com-*

GENE MARINE writes frequently for The Nation *about people and events in California.*

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mon Sense, was guest of honor and featured speaker.

The Congress of Freedom, however, lists some impressive names on its national advisory committee: Generals Wedemeyer and Stratemeyer; former American Legion Commander Alvin M. Owsley, who once said, "The Fascisti are to Italy what the American Legion is to the United States"; Spruille Braden, former ambassador to Argentina; Hearst attorney John Neylan, and the active Mr. Hart. None of them showed up except Hart, although congratulatory telegrams came from Admiral Standley, Clarence Manion, Dan (Facts Forum) Smoot, and a score of other, less prominent right-wingers.

The Monday afternoon keynoter was a New York attorney named Bernard Montgomery. In the forty-five minutes he spoke, Montgomery attacked unions (for furthering "the Marxist doctrine of class warfare"), Oliver Wendell Holmes ("the godless man from New England"), Harold Laski ("a little British draft dodger"), Alger Hiss, Felix Frankfurter, Dwight Eisenhower, Justice Harlan, and the New York *Times*. He brought the crowd to standing cheers three times with the names of Westbrook Pegler, Douglas MacArthur, and Joe McCarthy. Speaking of McCarthy, he said Eisenhower was responsible for "waylaying, ambushing, and knifing in the back" that doughty warrior against the reds just as he was about to "put his finger on the mainspring of subversion." Eisenhower had also suppressed the "scandalous facts in the symbolic case of Major Peress." Amid all this Montgomery found time to refer to the "hybrid United Nations, teeming with enemies and spies and born in treason"; to scoff at hiring "emissaries from the Scandinavian peninsula" to "go crawling" to Chou En-lai; and to "demand" the return of American prisoners in China "even if it means making an atomic war certain."

THERE is no question that the audience consisted largely of sincerely frightened people. What they were afraid of it might take a psychiatrist to say, but it was easy to see that in most of them fear had turned into unreasoning hate and complete indifference to fact. Without a murmur the delegates accepted Freda

Robert LeFevre

Utley's analysis of the world's political structure: "Moscow keeps Mao Tse-tung in line; Mao Tse-tung keeps Nehru in line; Nehru keeps the British in line; and the British keep us in line." And when she added, "Countries don't go over voluntarily to communism," nobody mentioned Vietnam, let alone China.

In general one theme was played, with variations. It started with Alger Hiss's role at Yalta. Yalta was the background of the United Nations. The Charter was written either by Alger Hiss alone or by Hiss with the aid of Harry Dexter White, Dean Acheson, and others in the United States delegation. The U. N., as one delegate put it, is "just two letters in the word communism."

Soviet administration of UNRRA was alleged to be responsible for "all those countries" going behind the Iron Curtain. Since the Baruch Plan provided for international control of the "products" of atomic energy, General Motors and Chrysler would be internationalized when they developed atomic-powered automobiles (this from Leora Baxter of Pro America). In 1947 Eisenhower referred to the Germans as "paranoid," which, significantly, was the standard Communist Party term for Germans at that time (impressed noises from the audience). The Morgenthau Plan was suggested by Moscow to Nathan Silvermaster, who gave it to Harry Dexter White, who passed it on to Morgenthau. The idea that we must prepare for a world war to fight communism had been implanted by "brain-washing" to save the Sixteenth Amendment from repeal (this from Corinne Griffith, who didn't seem to realize that it invalidated the whole convention; but then nobody else realized it either). Miss Griffith's argument against the income tax had a beautiful simplicity: if you abolish the income tax, you cut off the money being poured into the U. N.

NOT that the delegates spent all their time listening to speeches. Ten symposiums were announced to discuss one or another aspect of the U. N. The leaders of these symposiums, LeFevre told the Congress, had done "exhaustive research" on his or her particular subject. Despite the research, however, a plump Summit, Mississippi, editor named Mary Cain who was in charge of the discussion on Economic Aspects of the U. N., told the group in a rich backwoods drawl that she just didn't know where they should begin or end. She finally began by saying that she was "just sick to death of the giveaway program" of such U. N. agencies as the Children's Fund.

At a discussion of the International Labor Organization, the omnipresent Merwin Hart suggested that President Eisenhower "isn't looking well lately" and was ready with possible replacements—Governor J. Bracken Lee of Utah or Senator William Knowland of California (Knowland's name drew ovations from the assemblage). A lady said that Eisenhower probably had diabetes. Another noted that Washington's water is fluoridated, which "everybody knows is bad for diabetes." With the text that "mass medication is the first step by the Communists," the I. L. O. symposium then went off at full gallop after the evils of fluoridation.

Meanwhile, the UNESCO symposium was sticking closer to the subject. A gentleman from Southern California confided that the introduction of a UNESCO-influenced textbook had increased the unmarried pregnancy rate in Chico. A lady from Mill Valley told a shocking tale about a seventeen-year-old girl

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who had been permitted to attend an interracial summer camp. The Southern California gentleman, nodding solemnly, pointed out that her parents had been brain-washed.

LeFevre and his fellow-executives tried to have no overt expression of anti-Semitism or racism from the platform, but the shocked lady from Mill Valley was not the only one who indicated that a very thin line separated the Congress of Freedom from outright anti-Semites and white supremacists like Gerald L. K. Smith and Conde McGinley. Persons familiar with the utterances of those more overt hate merchants understood the implications of the repeated references to Baruch and Frankfurter, the constant use of the adjective "Christian," the religious tone that LeFevre chose to inject into an avowedly political gathering.

The issue broke out on the last day when the resolutions were voted on. Dr. V. Orval Watts attempted to change two of the resolutions to avoid offending non-Christians, insisting that to attain its objectives the Congress needed the support of "many who are not Christians—Jews, for example." About six delegates supported him. An overwhelming majority voted that the Congress should keep its original character as a leader in the "fight against the anti-Christ."

LISTENING to the speeches or to the conversations in the symposium, it was easy to be alarmed. "Victory may be just around the corner," keynoter Montgomery ended his speech, and the rest of the speakers echoed him. Pegler emphasized the coming victory of "the American resistance party." As usual, even in so extreme a group as this, he was the most extreme speaker. Along with his usual sort of vitriol ("old Meathead Stettinius"; "the C. I. O., the Democratic Party, or any of the more candid Communist fronts"; "the last more or less Republican convention") he produced a program that is worth glancing at: immediate withdrawal from the United Nations, passage of the Bricker amendment, abolition of the N. L. R. B. and repeal of all federal labor laws, abolition of the Federal Communications Commission, firm control of the assets of all tax-free foundations, measures to prevent the defense of "characters" like Oppenheimer by "outfits" like Alcoa and the Ford Motor Company (it isn't advertising, it's political propaganda, and shouldn't be deductible as a business expense); no pensions larger than the regular social-security payments due retired people—this applied to Harry Truman but not to members of the armed forces; *and* limitation of the income tax to 25 per cent. One item he missed was supplied by former Representative Thomas Werdel of California: decentralize the armed forces by returning their control to the governments of the forty-eight states.

Fortunately for my own peace of mind, in addition to following the Congress of Freedom I was also paying attention to other things going on in the city. I learned that while the Congress of Freedom could not fill the 700-seat main floor of the Veterans' Auditorium, the model U. N. to be held early in May by a group of college students from all over the state would easily fill the huge Opera House next door. I learned that the local press considered the Congress back-page news. LeFevre exhorted the delegates to write their home papers and ask them to have the A. P. and U. P. carry the story—which apparently was not important enough for the wire services. I learned that San Francisco is still proud of its place in history as the birthplace of the U. N.

PLENTY IS TOO MUCH

The Weird Wheat Market . . *by Leslie Hale*

London

"HE gave it as his opinion, that whosoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow . . . where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind than the whole race of politicians put together." Jonathan Swift was of course writing of colonial Ireland, where he could see the peasant poverty and low productivity still unhappily characteristic of so many colonial territories.

LESLIE HALE is a Member of Parliament from Oldham West, a cotton-spinning center.

Two hundred years later Dean Swift's advice had been taken with such success that the "civilized" nations suffered an "over-production crisis" and sent for the politicians to cure it. In a world in which the majority of the people were underfed it was first decided that food must be made dearer and then that it must also be made scarcer. There were idealists who said this was ethically wrong, but realism prevailed and we preserved our traditional calendar week—six days of economics and one of ethics.

The alternative policy is to plan agricultural production and consumption for world needs. That involves the startling conception that "effective consumer demand" is created not by a full pocket but by an empty belly. Unhappily it also involves the political difficulty of reconciling producer and consumer interests.

In 1948 precisely this task was attempted by the International Wheat Conference. The basis of agreement was the fixing of minimum quotas of wheat to be supplied by exporting countries at agreed maximum prices and the guaranteed purchase of the quotas at prices not less than a fixed minimum by the importing coun-

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Billion-Bushel Surplus

The whine of wheat combines starting the 1955 harvest this month will spotlight the United States' major agricultural headache—too much wheat. In crop calculations a wheat year ends July 1. Wheat that hasn't been eaten or exported on that date each year is called the "carryover." And this July 1 the carryover, or surplus, is expected to top a billion bushels for the first time. That will be four times the surplus of just three years ago. —Wall Street Journal, May 2.

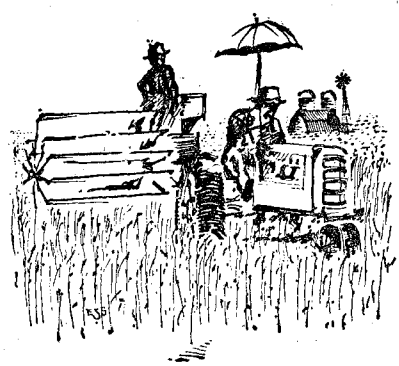
tries. The actual price within these limits was fixed annually by the council. The agreement proved abortive, and in 1949, after the U. S. S. R. had fallen out, a new agreement was signed and ratified by about fifty countries. It operated successfully for a time, but in 1953 the United Kingdom, an importer of nearly one-third of the wheat involved, withdrew on the ground that the price was too high. In fact the maximum price of $1.80 per bushel prevailed throughout the agreement, a figure to be compared with the minimum of $1.55 paid by the United Kingdom to Canada immediately after World War II and the $2.70 paid to Australia in the period of most acute scarcity. The agreement definitely did not operate to the detriment of consumer countries, which found themselves safeguarded by it against the enormous price increases caused by the Korean war.

THE difficulties of 1948-49 and 1952-53 admirably illustrate the basic problems involved in international planning. In 1948-49 the Russians claimed that a quota based on earlier production figures was wholly inadequate to a nation with so rapidly increasing a production; the United States complained that the Russians were always demanding a special status and that every concession given them resulted in a new demand; the British took the position that the overriding importance of full international participation was worth a concession. All three statements were true. In 1952-53 the United States said that its domestic wheat price compelled it to subsidize its exported wheat, with a resultant substantial loss to the Treasury; the United Kingdom, in turn, claimed that United States subsidies created an artificial wheat price which involved a heavy contribution by consuming countries to United States prosperity. Neither of these statements was unfair.

The recent report of the International Wheat Council discloses a disastrous accumulation of stocks on the American continent amounting to about eighteen months of effective demand and to a United States accumulation of two billion dollars' worth of wheat. So great is the surplus that Washington seems to be considering the gift or sale of considerable tonnage to the Russians. The surplus is due partly to unsuccessful world planning, partly to a reduction of stockpiling—both the United States and the United Kingdom had unaccountably voted against a policy of maintaining international emergency stocks—but primarily to the bumper harvest of 1953. Once again we face the problem not only of rich and poor but of rich who may grow poorer through having too much and of poor who may die through having too little.

There is a grave immediate danger of a return to economic anarchy. Already the United States has been compelled to reduce its wheat-producing area by sixteen million acres. The unloading of vast stocks upon the world could have tragic and far-reaching economic consequences. Even generous donations or disposals at heavily subsidized prices of huge surpluses to poorer countries with unbalanced economies can ruin the small peasant proprietors of those countries.

International cooperation necessarily involves mutual concessions. There is no responsible statesman in Britain who really thinks the United Kingdom has a vested interest in maintaining poverty in Manitoba or Montana; there is surely no statesman in the United States who fails to appreciate that selling to Britain while refusing to buy constitutes economic war upon an ally; there can be few people anywhere incapable of appreciating the hypocrisy of preaching war on poverty while simultaneously taking measures to restrict production. Every effort must be made to secure the renewal of the wheat agreement with the widest possible participation both of producer and consumer countries and for the longest possible period. If the U. S. S. R. can be persuaded to participate, so much the better. "A chicken in every pot" has rather disreputable connotations to American ears, but it is more sensible than "a Communist under every bed."



ALREADY there are indications of a campaign against a new wheat agreement by British merchants, who point out that since the United Kingdom opted out the price has fallen to $1.72 a bushel. This figure was actually achieved only by a United States increase in export subsidies. It is important to understand that although both farmers and domestic consumers need stabilized prices, mercantile entrepreneurs prefer wide fluctuations. The staggering price increase in commodities in 1952 brought little advantage to the producer. The domestic consumer in Britain seems to have gained nothing from the fall in wheat prices. Indeed, in Britain, between the wars, when bread prices rarely reflected the vast fluctuations in wheat prices, when farmers were bankrupt and the unemployed starved, large fortunes were made by millers. It would be well to ascertain who benefits and to what extent by price variations. Certainly it is not the United States farmer who gets a government-guaranteed price for his product or the domestic consumer of bread.

If the Pentagon is right in diagnosing communism as the enemy of mankind, then the abolition of hunger, communism's strongest ally, becomes the more important. Surely the answer lies in "planned plenty." The renewal of the international

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wheat agreement ratified by the greatest possible number of producing and consuming countries thus becomes an absolute necessity. The new agreement must envisage progressively expanding production for a world with a progressively developing purchasing power. It must provide coverage for losses incurred by any participating country. Stocks must be available for all kinds of emergency, from local famines to widespread harvest failures. Long-term credits may be needed to enable certain poor countries to participate in the agreement. Producer countries should understand that trade must be reciprocal.

To create peace we must root out the cause of war; to combat communism requires the elimination of its predisposing factors; to liquidate colonialism means to provide not only liberty but the opportunity for prosperity; to achieve full international cooperation involves not merely understanding another's point of view but being prepared to make concessions to it. *Panem et circenses* was the old Roman prescription for satisfying the people. In the long run bread will prove the more important.

CHILDHOOD'S END

Memoirs of Hiroshima . . . *a Translation*

[*The A-bomb dropped on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, killed 359 students and 10 teachers in Hiroshima High School, known locally as "Itchu." A year later the bereaved parents formed an Organization of Itchu Survivors to comfort and help each other. Masayuki Akita, president of the group, collected from members their personal accounts of the tragic day; later, a Tokyo publishing house, Masubosho, printed the stories in book form under the title "The Stars Are Watching Us."*

The following extracts from the book were translated by a Japanese resident of the United States, who notes that she tried to retain in English "the simplicity and altogether unliterary quality" of the original Japanese. The translator also did the drawings.]

By Mrs. Tsunataro Mitsuho

ON THE morning of August 6, 1945, I overslept, and made breakfast in a rush. But I did not forget to slip into the rice the two tiny sweet potatoes I had found in the potato patch the day before.

As soon as breakfast was ready, I called my son, Isshin, but he had overslept too, and I found him so fast asleep that I hesitated for a moment to wake him. Then I shook him and called his name for I knew he should not be late for school. When he woke up and saw the time, he was going off to school without any breakfast, but I told him to eat some, as there were sweet potatoes in the rice. With his shoes already on, he sat on the edge of the kitchen floor, blowing on his rice and gulping it down. Then he ran out of the house. Who could know that this was the last we would see of him?

About an hour later the atomic bomb was dropped. We had no idea then, of course, of the invention of the new weapon, and we thought many bombs must have been dropped all over the city. From our place it looked as if the gas tank in Minami-michi had been hit. I was concerned for Isshin's sister, a student at Yamanaka High School, who had gone to the factory in Minami-michi for labor service that morning, and my husband started there right away. When he arrived he found no one, and the people around there said all the students and teachers had left; so he felt relieved about her. He then started off for "Itchu" to look for Isshin. The authorities would not let him go, however, without a fire costume, and so he came home and changed and left again, this time on a bicycle.

There were fires all over the city, and although he tried many routes he could not get near the school. As he turned back from Fujimi Bridge and passed the Hifukusho, he came upon Fujii, a classmate of Isshin's, lying on the ground. He picked him up and put him on the back of his bicycle and brought him to our house. After stopping at Fujii's home to tell them about the boy, he went off again to look for Isshin.

He searched everywhere, walking through crowds, calling Isshin's name. Until midnight he went on and on, but there was no answer anywhere. The next morning before it was light he went out again. Starting at the school, he searched in every direction, but he could find no trace of our son.

For twenty-four days he continued to look every day all over the city, taking with him a change of clothes for Isshin, some food, and a belt with which to carry him on his back. Every night he would come home miserably, with no news.

Finally one day he said, "Where

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did he die? He must have wanted water and called our names, and we were not there to give it to him."

Every day he continued to go out, coming back at night with the bad smell of death on him from looking at the dead and touching them, hoping to find the body of Isshin.

He had never believed in ghosts before and had laughed at the idea. But now he began to go to the school at midnight to see if Isshin's spirit might appear. He went one night in the pouring rain because he had heard that spirits come out on rainy nights. He kept walking around and around the school calling as loudly as he could. "Isshin! Isshin!" But nothing appeared and he heard no answer. He came home weeping.

When I look back on all that happened, I feel that Isshin must have been born under a dark star. The day the results of his entrance examination were announced, March 19, 1945, the sky was covered with American airplanes and the Hiroshima Kosho was hit. After he started going to school, we were bombed twice. And then the atom bomb that brought his death. I only hope he sleeps in peace.

By Yasuo Yamamoto

THE year before the bombing of Hiroshima the younger of our two children, aged seven, had died of food poisoning from a can of government-supplied food. I was so shocked I did not think I would ever recover from it. After that I kept telling Masumi, the other child, a boy of fourteen, that he must live through the war as he was our only son now.

On the morning of the bombing I was making a trip on my bicycle in the opposite direction from the place where I worked, as I had to do some errands. I heard airplanes but did not think much of it; in those days we were so used to raids that if we kept worrying about planes we would never get any business done.

About two minutes later there was a column of fire about ten yards ahead of me—a regular waterfall of fire—with terrific explosions like the sound of a thousand thunderclaps. My bicycle was thrown high in the air, and I turned a couple of somersaults and landed behind a concrete wall. I looked myself over and found I was not injured.

When I was able to climb out from behind the wall, I found everything in frightful confusion; the screams of babies and women and the helpless calling for lost ones poured into my ears like water from a dam that has broken. As I started toward home, I saw a group of people running from the direction of the railroad station, some of them covered with blood, some holding together bleeding wounds with their hands, some with half their hair burnt off, all of them showing the greatest terror and suffering. It was a sea of fir beyond the station, and all the houses there seemed to be destroyed. I began to worry about my own house and about Masumi. He had left home that morning to go to work in the labor service, cleaning the city. Perhaps where he worked it would be safe.

When I got home, I found our house had no walls and the third floor was on a steep slant. My wife came out, holding a bandage over one arm and smiling, so I gathered she was not seriously hurt. Inside the house there were piles of broken glass and fragments of doors and ceilings.

Where was Masumi? Should I go and look for him? If I did, we might miss each other on the way. It would probably be better to wait at home. I did not know what to do, so I did nothing, feeling restless and worried all the time.

Suddenly I heard someone outside saying, "How dreadful you look, sonny. Who are you?"

"My name is Yamamoto."

That was surely our son's voice! I ran out of the house. There stood a practically naked form, with almost no skin left, and no hair. There was no resemblance to my son, but it was indeed Masumi.

"You have met with a terrible accident," I cried, "but how happy we are that you got home."

He could only say "Yes."

We cleaned a part of the room and made a bed for him, and got off what clothing was left on him.

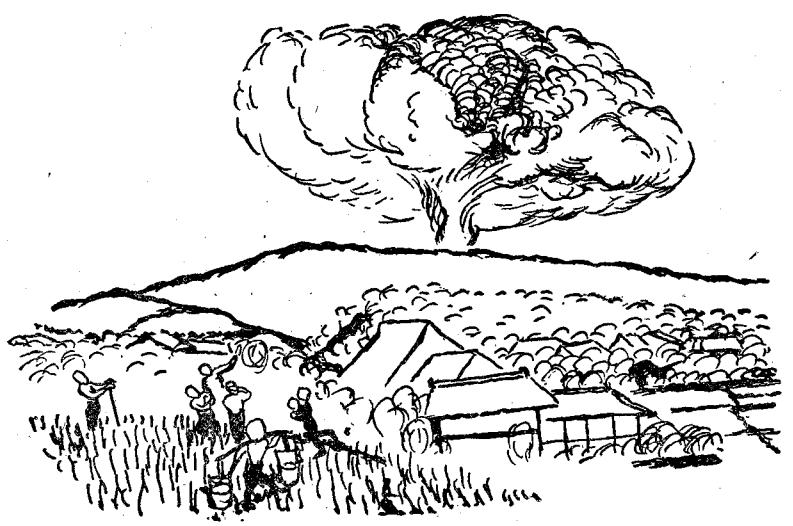
He asked, "Am I going to die?"

"Oh no," I shouted vigorously—more to reassure myself—"nobody dies of anything like this."

I began to wonder what could have caused such terrible wounds. It could not have been a bomb or incendiary bomb. It must have been something different. I thought it must be some new weapon with strong power. My mind was filled with curiosity and terror.

With the help of a neighbor we put our son on a door panel and took him to the first-aid station about ten blocks away. There was a long line of seriously wounded. There seemed no use of waiting our turn, so finally I asked an army doctor at the entrance to check him. He put some oil on him. Then, since there seemed nothing else to do, we took him back home. We could not stand it to watch him breathing with such difficulty lying there on the panel.

When we got him home and laid him on the bed, he was calmer. "I am not going anywhere any more," he said. Then he started telling us about what had happened, and ended by saying, "I wanted to see



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Daddy and Mommy so I ran out from the hell without knowing what I was doing."

After it got dark, he seemed even calmer, but he wanted water more often. My wife knew that so much water was not good for him, but she could not resist giving him what he wanted. Still we did not give up hope. Sometimes he was delirious, but most of the time his words were clear.

From the voices outside we knew that the fire beyond Hijiyama Park had kept on burning since morning, but we did not go out to see it. We stayed by Masumi, and I tried to keep my wife from getting too much worked up.

About eleven o'clock Masumi asked a strange question: "Is it true that there is a heaven?"

I was shocked, and my wife seemed confused, but she managed to explain about the beauty of it, as she had heard. "Yes, there is," she said. "It is a calm and peaceful place, and there will be nothing like the war. It is full of natural music."

Our son listened intently, and then interrupted with a question. "Are there sweet jelly beans, too?"

"Yes, sweet jelly beans and everything," my wife answered tearfully.

"Then I am going to die," he said.

I could not move. I could not breathe. My wife too stood like a stone. My son started to say a prayer. After that he did not even ask for water.

At twelve o'clock he breathed his last. It was a very beautiful and calm end.

By Saburo Okada

OUR oldest son, Tatsuhi, was good at his studies and a gentle, honest child. To get in Itchu he worked very hard, and when he was admitted to the school he called on the long-distance telephone to tell me the news.

I was stationed at Ono army hospital as a petty medical officer. When I heard the news, I was very pleased and had drinks with my friends to celebrate. After that every morning I would watch for the train carrying my son to school to pass by the hospital so that I could give him a morning greeting.

On August 5, 1945, a Sunday, I was at home on a one-day leave. The

children and I sat together on the mat floor and talked about everything. Tatsushi told me about his new school and new friends and his plans to become an army or navy officer. After a happy talk we went to bed about ten o'clock.

Next morning, August 6, Tatsushi had to take a train at half-past five. As I walked with him to the gate to see him off, he said as usual, "I must be going." Then he turned and came back. I thought he had forgotten something, but he just looked at me for a moment and then walked away again. We parted smiling, not knowing this would be our last sight of each other.

I went back to the hospital. Not long afterward there came the great flash and sound of the atomic bomb. As the hospital was about ten miles away from the city, we did not suffer any damage, but we were terrified by the mushroom-shaped cloud which covered all the eastern sky. I began trying to get through on the telephone, but I could only reach the Hatsukaichi police station. About ten o'clock we learned that a great bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima and that there had been tremendous damage and injuries. With medical soldiers in a car we started out for Hatsukaichi, where we set up a first-aid station. People were streaming in with miserable cuts and burns. It was a dreadful scene.

After working a couple of hours I got permission to go through the burning city to Itchu to look for Tatsushi. When I arrived, I found a hell on earth. The schoolhouse had been burned down. There were a few children in the pool. When they saw me, they cried and begged me to help them. Their shoulders were burned, and the water hurt the burns but outside it was too hot for the naked body. I did not know what I could do for them. I asked the children if they knew where my son was. They didn't, but one of them pointed to a man they said was his teacher. I ran to him, but he had already breathed his last.

I began to search for Tatsushi all along the way to his school—Takano Bridge, to Nishikannon, and to Koi station. Until it got dark I kept going back and forth, back and forth. The fires were becoming stronger and bigger. Finally I went back to our first-aid station, where there was now a line of people extending over a mile. I worked there until four o'clock, worrying all the time and hoping to find Tatsushi among the crowds, but there was no sign of him. Then I went back to the hospital, taking some badly burned people in a car.

From the hospital I called my wife, but she had not succeeded in getting any news at all of Tatsushi. For more than two days we could learn nothing. Then on the ninth my sister found out that he had been taken to the Akatsuki army camp in Taio. They told me there that he was already dead and that his body had been moved to Ninoshima. But when I finally arrived at Ninoshima to claim the body, they did not know what had been done with it. I was given a wooden box with nothing in it but an army envelope, not even any hair or nails. A soldier told me that before he died Tatsushi kept repeating "God damn! God damn!" That was at noon on the seventh.

When I remember how a few days before he had played and worked happily, and when I think how he must have looked out at the burning city from the Akatsuki camp and longed to come home, I feel my intestines being torn out. Now he is an empty box.

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BOOKS

Whitman's Centennial

THE SOLITARY SINGER: A Critical Biography of Walt Whitman. By Gay Wilson Allen. The Macmillan Company. $8.

WALT WHITMAN ABROAD. Critical Essays from Germany, France, Scandinavia, Russia, Italy, Spain and Latin America, Israel, Japan, and India. Edited by Gay Wilson Allen. Syracuse University Press. $4.

LEAVES OF GRASS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER. New Essays by William Carlos Williams, Richard Chase, Leslie A. Fiedler, Kenneth Burke, David Daiches, and J. Middleton Murry. Edited by Milton Hindus. Stanford University Press. $5.

WALT WHITMAN RECONSIDERED. By Richard Chase. William Sloane Associates. $3.75.

THE WHITMAN READER. Edited by Maxwell Geismar. Pocket Books. 50 cents.

WALT WHITMAN, POET OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. Selections from His Poetry and Prose. Edited by Samuel Sillen. International Publishers. Paper, $1.25; Cloth, $2.50.

WALT WHITMAN. A Catalogue Based Upon the Collections of the Library of Congress. United States Government Printing Office. 65 cents.

By John R. Willingham

WHITMAN'S "barbaric yawp" has sounded "over the roofs of the world" for a hundred years. In July, 1855, the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" was placed on sale in New York, and in 1955 an ambitious centennial program sponsored by college English departments, literary journals, libraries, museums, and book publishers is under way. Recent years have seen similar observances in honor of Melville's "Moby-Dick" and Thoreau's "Walden." Such observances have the healthy function of calling attention to the questions of whether or not we have come to grips with our classic writers, the validity of their claims to be considered classic writers, and the relationship of their work to contemporary literature.

In Whitman's case the important issues have been obscured more often than they have been clarified and explored. Virtually unknown as a serious artist in this country until about 1915, Whitman in the intervening years has been the object of a formidable body of scholarly attention, as the handsome catalogue issued by the Library of Congress eloquently testifies. But in the hands of either an Esther Shephard or a Newton Arvin, the tendency has been to emphasize a single aspect of the man or the poet in order to sustain some apparently irrepressible thesis. In the midst of World War II (Whitman has been trotted out during both world wars as a spokesman for American ideals) Samuel Sillen presented in his first edition of selected prose and poetry by Whitman, a political spokesman who could be used as "a living force in the war against fascist barbarism." Of course, Whitman was a poser, a dabbler in socialism, a patriot, a severe critic of his country—all these, but a great deal more as well.

No one has been more aware of the enigmatic and paradoxical nature of both his life and his art than was Whitman himself. "Do I contradict myself?" he asked in Song of Myself; and the ready answer was, "Very well then I contradict myself,/ (I am larg I contain multitudes.)" To Edward Carpenter, a young English admirer, Whitman admitted, "There is something in my nature *furtive* like an old hen!" Simultaneously we find Whitman's attempts to hide and invent aspects of his life and work pathetic, amusing, and frustrating. The private fretting at Dr. Bucke's messianic portrayal of him linked witn his energetic assistance to public indorsement of the picture foreshadowed the difficulties almost every biographer and critic has had to face. For it is certainly clear that he eagerly connived with his essentially naive disciples to present to the world the lineaments of a man and a mind that never actually existed. Never existed, that is, except spasmodically perhaps in Whitman's imagination as archetypal "eidolons" of the democratic poet-priest-comrade-hero.

THUS the Whitman biographies of the past have tended to be distortions of the man because they have relayed only refractions which must filter through some prismatic bias. But in "The Solitary Singer" Professor Gay Wilson Allen of New York University has neatly bypassed the pitfalls that so bemused his predecessors; Whitman the whole man emerges from this monumental 616-page work. The paradoxes are not glossed over; they are resolutely faced and explored. The metamorphosis of the essentially sentimental reformer-dandy of the 1840's into the idealist-rough of 1855 is traced through the relatively unknown journalistic writings and the notebook jottings of this transitional period. All through the book Allen keeps subtly moving and interweaving the separate threads of Whitman's movements and thought, the affairs of the various members of the Whitman family, the activities and relations of Whitman's comrades, and critical comments on the poetry and prose. No strange liaisons with shadowy if glamorous New Orleans Creoles or octoroons are inserted when the facts become difficult. There is little unsupported speculation of any kind. Notebooks, letters, newspaper editorials, drafts and revisions of the poems, and Whitman's known activities are all permitted to speak quite clearly for themselves.

And Professor Allen presents just enough American social and political and literary history to give Whitman's achievements and failures their proper focus. The various Whitman myths of his sweet, healthy, and sturdy family background, of his six children and "one living Southern grandchild," of his indifference to fame, of his eternally calm and commanding demeanor, of his persecution by the Washington bureaucracy, and so on, are juxtaposed to the tremendous resources of

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known documentary evidence. In areas for which no reliable evidence is available—for example, Whitman's sexual aberrations—Allen is willing to offer theories, clearly labeled as such. One might cavil because his prose style is hardly suited to the always lively nature of his material, but his immense erudition and concern for truth make "The Solitary Singer" the biography of Whitman which we have too long awaited and easily the most important of the centennial publications.

In "Walt Whitman Abroad," Professor Allen has brought together significant essays and comments by critics and scholars in Asia, Europe, and Latin America. There is a nice mixture of nineteenth-century and recent criticism. As Allen points out, such evaluations from outside the Anglo-Saxon community are doubly useful: they supplement and correct American estimates, and because Whitman is viewed so generally abroad as a symbol of America and democracy, they provide unique insights into ourselves and our institutions from the vantage points of other cultures. Jose Marti's impassioned dispatch to *La Nacion* (Buenos Aires) on the occasion of Whitman's Lincoln lecture in 1887 rubs shoulders in this book with the outrageously funny, if shockingly misinformed, 1889 Copenhagen address of Knut Hamsun. The book would have been considerably better balanced if Allen had seen fit to include representative estimates from Great Britain, which on the whole has been kinder to Whitman, if more astutely critical of him, than the United States.

THE great success in recent years of critical symposiums (those on Lawrence, Eliot, Paul Rosenfeld, Donne, and others) no doubt suggested the feasibility of "Leaves of Grass One Hundred Years After." The editor has brought together critics of widely variant statures and inclinations. The liveliest offering is William Carlos Williams's modestly titled but trenchant An Essay on "Leaves of Grass." Williams is interested in Whitman's modernist formalistic experiments—"his struggle to free verse." Though Whitman may not have understood the background or nature of his instinctive structural advances, says Dr. Williams, "he knew only, as did those who were disturbed by his free verse, that something had occurred to the normal structure of conventional aesthetic and that he could not accept it any longer. Therefore, he acted." Who is better qualified to recognize and to assay this vital formalistic iconoclasm than a contemporary American poet who has been experimenting with the poetic line and rhythm with such distinction? In recommending an aesthetic commensurate with our other growing freedoms from taboos, Williams advises his reader: "Best, if you do not approve of what writing has become, to follow in Mr. Eliot's footsteps."

Leslie Fiedler's interest in the masks and artifices of Whitman—in the Hindus collection—is echoed and augmented by Richard Chase in his "Walt Whitman Reconsidered," parts of whose first chapter make up an essay in the Hindus volume also. Chase, the author of substantial books on both Emily Dickinson and Herman Melville, calls his Whitman volume "an essay in 'appreciation' of a cultural-historical sort." The genesis of such perceptive "appreciation" is in the classic "American Renaissance" of the late F. O. Matthiessen. Chase gives fairly detailed treatment to such characteristic works as Song of Myself ("Whitman's greatest and richest work"), Song of the Open Road ("a great exemplum of the American spirit and . . . not only in its crude, boosting aspect"), Crossing Brooklyn Ferry, the "Calamus" and "Children of Adam" poems, "Drum Taps," "Democratic Vistas," and "Specimen Days." Extending the line followed by Constance Rourke, Chase finds Whitman to be at his best when his work falls into the tradition of American humor (" a style . . . which is 'literary' and conversational at the same time, a style which has one eye on the individual and the concrete and one eye on the general and the transcendent"). Chase sounds less reliable when he points out "the notorious fact that wherever Whitman's influence has been most direct it has been most deplorable—as on the Sandburgs, the Benets, the Thomas Wolfes, even the Hart Cranes."

It is certainly encouraging in this centennial year to see Maxwell Geis-

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mar's splendid, richly representative selection of Whitman's best poetry and prose in a paperback edition. This inexpensive and attractive Pocket Book will get Whitman the wider audience he so fervently desired if anything can. Mr. Geismar has probably, and wisely, profited from some suggestions F. O. Matthiessen once gave for handling Whitman's prose: "Democratic Vistas" has been sensibly cut for the general reader, and The Tramp and Strike Questions (1879) is included. Geismar's own introductory essay, a condensation of which appeared in *The Nation,* March 26, 1955, is a perceptive examination of Whitman's claim to fame. It reinforces Van Wyck Brooks's appraisal of Whitman as a "great link" between the transcendentalists and the realists, and adumbrates quite a lot which has been said, neither so precisely nor so clearly, in the last month or so.

Science as Aid to Morality

ETHICAL JUDGMENT. The Use of Science in Ethics. By Abraham Edel. The Free Press. $5.

By J. D. Goheen

PROFESSOR EDEL has written an excellent book which should command the attention of all readers interested in the relations of ethics to the sciences. It emphasizes what our common intelligence assumes: that there are wise decisions and foolish ones, and that the wise ones are made on the basis of information and knowledge. The author outlines the modern controversy concerning the foundations of our ethical beliefs and judgments, a controversy which has been concerned with to what degree, if any, our moral judgments are rational or scientific. With great erudition he points out the extent to which judgments of good and bad are in fact influenced by the sciences relevant to human life. It is not his intention to maintain that the diversity of ethical judgments does not exist and will not continue to exist. Rather he seeks to point out how these differences in moral commitment tend to disappear as we bring to bear relevant knowledge from psychology and the other human sciences. When this occurs, sound decisions can be made and intelligent policies formulated.

It is not as easy to defend this general point of view as one might initially suppose. Professor Edel observes on the one hand the classical contention that ethical judgments are completely determined by either moral precept or appeal to "reason." On the other hand, there is the prominent modern view that ethical judgments are "indeterminate," relative, or perhaps even the expression of personal taste. Here the book is very informative for the general reader but certain to arouse some philosophers to protest. It will be admitted by all, however, that the author's treatment of relativity in ethics and the reasons which have led to it is sensitive with regard both to the "facts" of relativity and to the linguistic study of ethical judgments which has so much preoccupied contemporary philosophers. Professor Edel's own position is formulated as follows:

> How far ultimate disagreement may in fact be dissolved, or whether it remains central in ethical theory, are thus questions requiring extended scientific exploration and policy decision based on the results of such investigation. Just as ethical absolutism could not be established in semi-a-priori fashion by the feelings of conscience, the properties of reason or the sense of moral law, so ethical relativity cannot be established in semi-a-priori fashion by the phenomenon of ultimate disagreement, real as conflicts are among human beings, nor by the many devices that have sought to give disagreement a central and dominating place.

A major part of this book is devoted to a survey and analysis of the human sciences for whatever they can offer for the choice of values. For example, the contemporary study of frustration and its effects on human nature is valuable for determining certain ethical decisions and judgments. In such information Professor Edel finds the basis for a kind of ethical precipitate —a body of ethical rules or principles grounded on science. These "phase rules," as they are called, are not final, for they are dependent on the state of our knowledge about man. Both "universal and local elements" are expressed in this body of rules.

> The universal are the fundamental human needs, the perennial aspirations and strivings, and the discovered high values that are deeply grounded in these needs and aspirations. . . . The local elements will be the central problems of the age, including its central necessary conditions and special contingent elements (not necessarily values themselves) which may press heavily upon men's pursuit of values in the given age.

It is refreshing to find a book on ethics which grapples so directly with the problems of good and evil. The complex problems of a theory of value as such are left for detailed development elsewhere, and the reader finds himself confronted with a large number of arguments designed to reach some degree of "determinacy" as to what is ethically good or bad in human affairs. Here, then, are exhibits of the reflective mind at work on materials that range from biology to world history. It is impossible here to cover the important topics discussed. Suffice it to say—and this may fit with the author's intention—that there are many passages in the book which will provoke discussion and the search for relevant information elsewhere.

It is argued, for example, that the decline of Rome is a recognizable degeneration in the quality of Roman life of the period. After the inroads of the barbarians, the Romans failed to maintain and develop what previous generations had achieved. The criterion for this judgment is "creative power," illustrated by the contrast between Athens as a center of creative power and Sparta which was not. It is admittedly unfair to wrench this argument out of the context of an entire book, where it is imbedded in a detailed argument and a system of values, but what is one to make of it? It might well be shown that there was a change in the quality of Roman life, but could it not as well be argued that, in the actual historical context, this change

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was for the better? The "coordinates" of judgment in matters of this sort are exceedingly complex and the results perhaps more "indeterminate" than Professor Edel is prepared to admit. Is this indeterminacy a matter only of lack of knowledge and a failure to evolve sound judgments from it?

The answer may lie, in part, in a more complete and articulate system of values than now exists, a system continuously guided and influenced by relevant scientific knowledge. It is this program which is proposed in the present work and to which Professor Edel will make other valuable additions to in the future.

Western Folk Hero

THE MAN WHO NEVER DIED. By Barrie Stavis. Haven Press. $3.

For most of us Joe Hill has slipped from the pages of history into legend. If we know him, it is chiefly because of the moving song "Joe Hill" by Alfred Hayes and Earl Robinson. And yet, in 1915, when Joe Hill sat in a Utah prison under sentence of death, President Wilson intervened twice in his behalf, the Swedish government asked for clemency, and the A. F. of L. unanimously condemned his trial and called for a new and "fair" one. When he was executed on November 19, 1915, for the murder of a grocer and his son which he and his friends swore he never committed, some 30,000 men and women marched in his funeral procession.

Several years ago Wallace Stegner in "The Preacher and the Slave" presented a less than complimentary picture of the "Wobbly" organizer and minstrel. In this new book Barrie Stavis restores him to his place as a Western folk hero. Drawing upon previously unpublished letters and other documents, Stavis has produced a unique book, combining a play about Joe Hill's trial and execution with the factual material about his life.

The biographical notes are fascinating, but the play is the heart of the book. There are many eloquent and moving passages as well as sharp, dramatic scenes. "The Man Who Never Died" should make for an exciting evening in the theater if it is ever produced.

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Theater

Robert Hatch

THE curious thing about "Phoenix '55," the revue with which T. Edward Hambleton and Norris Houghton are topping off their second successful year on the lower East Side, is that it succeeds and fails for the same reason. It was an ingenious idea—credited to Nicholas Benton and Stark Hesseltine—to build a revue around *Fortune's* solemn researches into the new ways the American middle class has found to spend its money. Intelligent satire needs some consistent springboard for its flights, and *Fortune's* statistics on the current popularity of do-it-yourself, bargain travel, paper books, small boats, large families, the ballet, the suburbs, and so on offer a good base for spoofing ourselves. The show was written largely by Ira Wallach, a man with a literate tongue in his cheek, and it has some excellent comics—notably Nancy Walker, Joshua Shelley, and Harvey Lembeck—to keep the satire bouncing.

But as a show "Phoenix '55" never quite bounces. It is held down partly by a failure to sense when enough is enough but more by a too close dependence on the original idea. Each of the sixteen scenes is introduced by some member of the cast who comes out before the curtain and reads from *Fortune* the appropriate paragraph or statistic. The comments are intended to be dry, but for the most part they are wet, and each little speech neatly takes the edge off the skit that follows. Once the idea was established, it should have been pushed to the background. The meticulous follow-up becomes an ache and knocks the pace and spontaneity out of the show.

If "Phoenix '55" develops no sensational momentum, it has some exceptionally bright moments. I dislike going into details; skits seldom sound funny in print and you rob them of their freshness when you try to describe them. Four or five of the Phoenix numbers seemed to me genuinely witty, the best, perhaps, being a take-off of neurotic ballet and more specifically of Jerome Robbins's "The Cage." The one on paper books I thought missed the mark. It is a rather sweatily explicit comment on lurid jacket blurbs, but the point for satire is not the middle class's discovery of bargain-counter pornography—we have always known about that—but its sudden enthusiasm for bargain-counter culture in the form of Toynbee, the Greeks, De Tocqueville, Whitehead, and "readers" beyond counting. The rest of the numbers are amiable at a surprisingly high level. The music is no more than pleasant—except for the brilliantly funny ballet music concocted by John Morris for Boris Runanin's demented choreography—but David Craig has provided the show with the most intelligent and ingeniously rhymed lyrics I have heard in some time.

"Phoenix '55" is a small-scale production, with principals doubling as chorus and everyone taking a hand at songs, dances, and dialogues. Mostly, however, it is carried by Nancy Walker, a sturdy girl and an admirable clown—she even tries a "laugh, clown, laugh" number, which she shouldn't. Miss Walker is blessed with an orderly mind and a rowdy personality; she is funny in the way Beatrice Lillie is funny; sometimes she is too obviously funny in that way—it is one thing to study the Lillie method and another to swipe the Lillie tricks. There is, nevertheless, more to Miss Walker than close study of a great original; she is a considerable original in her own right.

Joshua Shelley is a quiet comic, perplexed and average-minded. Harvey Lembeck is noisily extrovert with a happy gift for caricature. Elton Warren, a pretty girl, has a sweet voice for sweet songs. She is the only Negro in the cast, and you cannot help noticing that fact. Kenneth Harvey does an impersonation of Ed Murrow—in a TV "visit" to America's most fecund couple—that is perhaps the individual high point of the evening.

I take it from the title that the Phoenix may be planning a similar romp to round off the seasons in '56, '57, and so on. It is an excellent idea.

IT IS astonishing what people will laugh at if they are told it is funny. "The Honeys" (Longacre) is advertised as a farce comedy, and the night I was there people were laughing their heads off at the spectacle of two cruel and empty-headed women murdering their sickly, ill-tempered husbands in the messiest fashion imaginable.

I remember "Arsenic and Old Lace" and do not maintain that murder is an impossible topic for farce. But certain rules have to be observed. You must move the killing straight out of the world of probability and logical consequences; the victims should be people you do not care about; the killings should be merciful and if possible invisible; and the murderers must in some eccentric way be pure of heart.

What goes on in "The Honeys" is as probable and as awful as murder for profit usually is. I didn't care much about the husbands, but I liked them a lot more than their ignorant, pretentious wives; those two silly old girls were as dirty a pair as I've been forced to contemplate for quite a while. Consider their methods; being stupid as well as heartless they have to use quite a few: they leave an old man to starve to death in the jammed elevator of an empty house; they feed an old man oysters rotten with ptomaine; they chop up something in his medicine that will perforate his bowels. Or, splendid jest, they crush a man's head with a frozen leg of lamb, then cook the weapon and eat it with gloating glee. And all the time they speculate on how much money their husbands will leave and how many young men can be bought with it. I am convulsed, but not with laughter.

I know I should not get excited—"The Honeys" is a calculated risk, a cold-blooded potboiler. Roald Dahl, who wrote it, figures that if you show the most conventional and boring people engaged in the grossest villainy, the incongruity will seem so deliciously funny that no one will be upset. Unfortunately, I assume that gross villainies are usually perpetrated by otherwise conventional and boring people, and I was upset plenty.

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The principal actors in "The Honeys" are Jessica Tandy and Dorothy Stickney as the wives, and Hume Cronyn as both husbands. This is not such a trick, for they are twin brothers. It provides a chance, however, for some of that trapdoor tomfoolery that always gets a big hand. I thought Mr. Cronyn looked remarkably like a comparatively young actor impersonating a couple of old geezers; his tremors were not much more plausible than his wigs. Miss Tandy and Miss Stickney so much resembled each other, not in looks, but in quality and address, that I had to keep referring to the program. But that is not really their fault; Mr. Dahl wrote one part for them both. Mary Finney, the only other member of the cast except Dana Elcar, who plays a stock policeman, takes the part of a breezy, horsey widow who is known to have disposed of her husband by the comparatively decent method of shoving him out a window. She is heartily coarse and jolly —with none of the sickening refinement of the other two—and since we do not meet the late Mr. Fleishman, she seems less foul. I thought Miss Finney was the one point of humor in an evening of pretty ugly fun.

Records

B. H. Haggin

HAVING been unable to attend the National Orchestral Association's performance of Berlioz's Requiem two years ago (the first in New York since Edgar Varese's famous performance at the end of World War I), I am grateful to the association for its recent repetition of the work with the Collegiate Chorale and the Juilliard Chorus, which gave me my first hearing of it in an auditorium. More specifically it gave me my first hearing of the effect of the movements which employ the additional four brass groups placed around the hall; but lack of the additional hall-rehearsal that would have enabled Leon Barzin to achieve proper balance of these groups with the chorus and orchestra resulted in my hearing the effect of a hair-raising sound of brass that made the chorus and orchestra inaudible; and the additional rehearsal also would have enabled Barzin to achieve the precise coordination which the brass groups occasionally lacked. But these comments concern only certain passages in the Dies Irae and Lacrymosa; and in the rest of the work Barzin's powers as musician and conductor enabled me to hear the full realization in sound of the marvels in the quiet writing that are not fully realized by the Columbia recording of Fournet's performance —notably the exquisitely wrought textures of the quiet interludes in the Lacrymosa, and the constantly new orchestral invention accompanying the chorus's reiteration of its two-note motif throughout the Offertorium. Moreover, in the Sanctus Barzin was helped by the ability of Lawrence Avery to produce for the taxingly high tenor solo tones of breath-taking purity, fullness, and ease.

EPIC LC-3100 offers Mozart's Quartet K.499, one of his finest, and K.589, a lesser work but one with occasional lovely passages, played by the Netherlands String Quartet. The first violin's tone is agreeable with treble reduced; the group's sound is good; its phrasing is beautifully sensitive and integrated; and the pacing of the performance is excellent.

Mozart's Piano Concertos K.453 and 595, two of the greatest in the series, suffer from Pritchard's hurrying of the first two movements of K.453 and the first of K.595 in the performances on Epic LC-3117 in which he conducts the Vienna Symphony; and from Henkemans's insensitive treatment of the piano in his musically unperceptive playing of the solo parts. In addition, reverberant recording gives the piano's sound a sort of after-vibration.

The first movements of Mozart's Symphonies K.504 ("Prague") and 338 are also played too slowly, and the slow movements too fast, by Boehm in his performances with the

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Vienna Philharmonic on London LL-1198. The recorded sound of K.504 is close, compressed, and dry; that of K.338 is more spacious and lustrous. Solti's is the performance of K.504 to acquire; Beecham's prewar performance the one of K.338, even without the minuet movement K.409 that Boehm includes.

Haydn's great Quartet Op. 20 No. 5 is played well on Telefunken LGX-66034 by the Vienna Philharmonic Quartet, though not with the Schneider Quartet's powerful elaborating inflection in the impassioned opening movement. In addition the performance is poorly reproduced; and the other work on the record is Schubert's early and inconsequential Quartet Op. 125 No. 1.

Haydn's Symphonies Nos. 44 ("Trauer") and 85 ("La Reine") are played on Epic LC-3059 by Sacher and the Vienna Symphony. The slow movement and minuet of No. 44 offer characteristic evidence of Haydn's matured powers, which achieve their most impressive and incandescent manifestations in the last two symphonies but not in No. 85. Sacher lessens the effect of the slow movement of No. 44 by playing it Andante con moto instead of Adagio; otherwise the performances are acceptable. No. 44 is reproduced more agreeably than No. 85.

The two engaging little suites that Handel wrote as overtures for his operas "Alcina" and "Berenice" are played well by the Boyd Neel Orchestra on London LD-9166.

The opening movement of Dvorak's unfamiliar Piano Concerto Op. 33, played on Columbia ML-4967 by Firkusny and the Cleveland Orchestra under Szell, is one of those which begin with engaging melodic substance whose symphonic elaboration gets to be wearying; and in the later movements even the substance is less attractive. The performance is good.

Columbia ML-4966 offers five of the six movements of Tchaikovsky's Suite No. 1 for orchestra, of which only the Marche miniature was previously familiar to me (from the wonderful old Muck-Boston Symphony recording). The others now turn out to be additional examples of the writing that is not only enjoyable but fascinating in the way Tchaikovsky's music often is—in its use of the medium with masterly skill, precision, and exquisite taste to fill in the canvas, so to speak (the second movement, Divertimento, is outstanding in this respect). Mitropoulos conducts the New York Philharmonic in a superb performance. Borodin's Symphony No. 2 is on the reverse side.

Another unfamiliar Tchaikovsky work, "Souvenir de Florence," I find less interesting. Originally written for string sextet it has been arranged for string orchestra by Arthur Winograd, who conducts a somewhat coarse performance on MGM E-3173.

Prokofiev's fine Violin Concerto No. 1 is played very well by Milstein with the St. Louis Symphony under Golschmann on Capital P-8303, which reproduces the performance with remarkable clarity and liveness, but also with whatever it is that makes Milstein's tone dry and edged.

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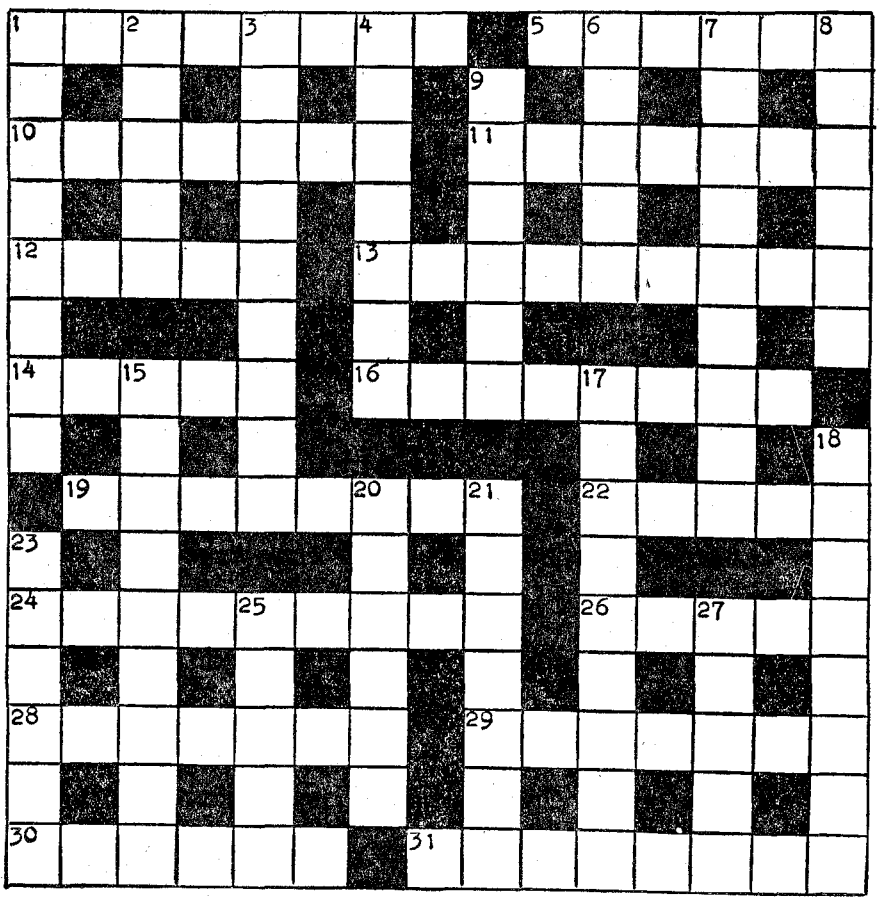
Crossword Puzzle No. 619

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 5 Introduction by way of the "Globe," leaving no doubt as to where the listener stands. (3,5,3,3)
10 Not regularly prompt on the wrong highway to the country. (7)
11 It cares whether it's fat or not! (7
12 Behind, on, and in song it's sweet. (5)
13 Is a docker responsible for such things? (9)
14 Their sort might be connected with penates. (5)
16 and 1 down Mean legislation? (3,3,2,8)
19 Certainly not the inner man. (8)
22 and 4 down Technically, it should be called a rabbit. (5,7)
24 A mere help is all it takes, but not for very long. (9)
26 Prophet or presage. (5)
28 No recognition for Spencer's personification of truth with merchandise! (7)
29 State of confusion created by three articles associated with Lamb. (7)
30 See 17 down.
31 Take an equivocal position. (8)

DOWN

1 See 16 across.
2 What Thomas might do, but do badly. (5)
3 Do they enjoy being dishonest? (9)
4 See 22 across.
6 See 27 down.
7 The first cuckoo? (5,4)
8 Do cues make money for some people? (6)
9 Is our country also ready and willing? (6)
15 Not a very polished group of actors, evidently! (9)
17 and 30 across Little Tom isn't very strong, it seems! (2,4,2,1,6)
18 What Sullivan lost gets consumed in the animal kingdom. (8)
20 Stick up over the sea, like part of a house. (6)
21 Confident that you'll get in later? (7)
23 Rise and shine! And leave sentiment out of it! (6)
25 General of the Crimea defense. (5)
27 and 6 Short opus arranged and rearranged by Verdi, for example. (5, 5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 618

ACROSS: BAD-TEMPERED; 11, 10, 9, 8 and 28 A RAG, A BONE, AND A HANK OF HAIR; 12 SAMPLER; 13 STREAKS; 15 ESPOUSED; 16 RUB OFF; 18 ACCESS; 24 BASSOON; 26 DEMOTED; 29 COLOR; 30 IRAQ; 31, 21, 2 A POLICEMAN'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE. DOWN: 3 TRADERS; 4 MOOR; 5 ELECTOR; 6 ERASE; 7 INCANS; 14 ADULT; 17 BOSTONIAN; 19 CRAVAT; 20 STOICAL; 22 THEOREM; 23 OPERAS; 25 STROP; 27 BLOC.

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VOL. XLV NO. 19 MAY 9, 1955

Newsweek

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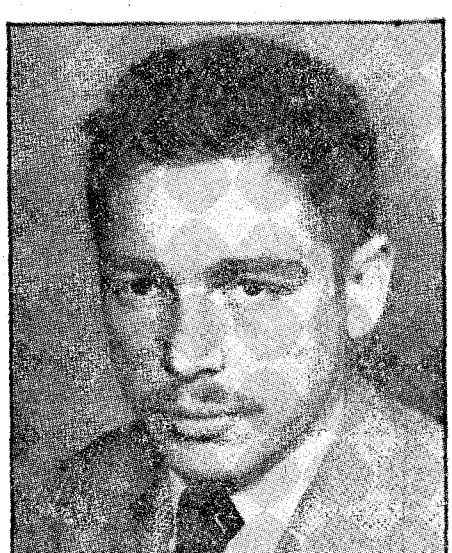
THE MAGAZINE OF NEWS SIGNIFICANCE

The Man Who Saw Chou

The star performer at the recent Asian-African conference in Bandung was Premier Chou En-lai of Red China—suave, cagey, conscious of his power. He also was inaccessible to the press.

Chou's aloofness did not, however, overly impress red-haired Sam Jaffe, a onetime Marine combat correspondent now covering the West Coast and points farther west for The Nation magazine. The day Einstein died Jaffe approached Chou, tapped him on the shoulder, and told him about it. The impassive Chou expressed great concern.



International

Sam Jaffe: He had ten minutes

Lucky: Chou entered in an eggshell blue suit, dark blue tie, and brown shoes. After green tea and Chinese cigarettes were served, the interview began, with a warning from Chou that it must not ex-

The Man Who Saw Chou

Was THE *Nation* Man

Newsweek magazine (see cut) tells the story of how Sam Jaffe, **Nation** correspondent at Bandung, became the first Western newspaperman to interview Chou En-lai since the Chinese Revolution.

The scoop is a tribute to Mr. Jaffe's powers of persistence, his diligence — plus the worldwide recognition of **The Nation** as an important and influential organ of American opinion.

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